

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Conifer.*



MONA'S EXPOSTULATIONS.

"WAIT A YEAR."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE season was advancing, and the Carnival, with its follies and its mad revelry, was at hand. Edward, who at first frequently dropped in at Mrs. Fraser's when his engagements permitted, was becoming slack in his visits. He was generally in too great a hurry to give more than five minutes at a time to his sister, and was also very reticent respecting

the place and manner in which he spent his evenings when he was not at home. With Miss Lestocq he was an acknowledged favourite, a kind of pet and useful cavalier whenever she was in need of his services. To him she transferred by degrees the interest she at one time professed for Mona, who witnessed the intimacy with a foreboding of evil for which she often took herself to task. Yet, argue against it as she would, a black shadow of coming ill was continually hovering about her. From words acci-

dentally dropped by others, as well as from Edward's own careless observations, it was too evident that the young man was imprudent in the choice of his associates—that the things he loved best and enjoyed most, were not only those incompatible with his office and duties, but such as were inconsistent with the position and character of his father's son.

In vain Mona expostulated, kindly and gently, as it was in her nature to do, but firmly also. Edward not only turned a deaf ear, but was often offended by her remonstrances. The bright life around him was so pleasant, the sky, the air, the busy stir of active idleness, perpetually going on, was alluring, and his handsome face and gentlemanly manners were an easy passport into the society he found so fascinating. He did no harm, he said to himself, why should Mona wish to deprive him of recreations so innocent?

"According to Mona, everything agreeable is wrong," said the young man, complaining of his sister's strictness to Miss Lestocq one day, as she joined them after another of these rather frequent altercations.

"You are lucky to have a sister to look after you," observed Captain Orde, who overheard his complaints. "I have requested her to take me in hand, feeling certain that a few good counsels from her would be of essential service to me, but she has declined."

Edward glanced sharply at him. Like Mona, he found it difficult to know when Captain Orde spoke in earnest and when in jest.

"I scarcely think you would permit her to interfere with your amusements."

"I should not mind being advised," he answered, arching his eyebrows as he emphasised the last word. "That is no expense to either party."

"But Mona has such old-fashioned notions; she is not like other girls," said Edward, petulantly.

"No, she goes in for the deeper offence of rising above them. The most part are satisfied not to sin against the moralities of the world; and if they succeed, which they rarely do, they are triumphant in their impeccability, and can afford to look down upon the good young ladies like your sister, who are really out of place in this generation. We are too bad for them."

Mona looked at him, wondering if he were defending or covertly ridiculing her, a habitual uncertainty as to his meaning making her give more attention to his words than they deserved. But Cecil was not really ill-natured. He could not help seeing the weaknesses of people, young or old, more distinctly than their good qualities. The one amused him and the other he usually passed by without notice. The latter made no impression, the former asked for indulgence, which he was willing to accord—the indulgence of one so familiar with folly that no phase of it surprised him.

The point in dispute between brother and sister on this occasion was the public masked ball of the Carnival, which Edward wished to attend and Mona inveighed against, as being inconsistent with his present office and future aspirations.

"There is no harm in it," persisted Edward; "and if there were, that concerns myself. It is not surprising that I should wish to see a little of life when I have the opportunity."

"And wicked life has, of course, more attractions than any other," observed Captain Orde, with im-

movable gravity. "I am afraid the trail of the serpent is often found in the wake of curiosity. Our great forefather only wanted to share his wife's wisdom when she had taken the start of him; a very natural wish, and you see what mischief came of it."

"I doubt not you have often been to the Veglione yourself, Captain Orde," retorted Edward, his handsome face all the handsomer for the crimson flush that suffused it at being so undisguisedly quizzed.

"I have; I have been nearly everywhere where Folly jingles her bells, and have seen a good portion of the evil that is done under the sun, and if I could be a boy again, if I could start afresh in the race of life, I would undo almost everything I have done, and do what I have left undone."

"Are you serious?" asked Miss Lestocq, surprised to hear sentiments betokening such self-disparagement fall from his lips, "or are you endeavouring to support Miss Moreton as the weaker party?"

"I am saying what I think to-day; to-morrow I may have altered my opinion. You know I have the peculiarity of changing it easily, as I do my coat or gloves. Don't look at me with such pity, Miss Moreton, it is this *facilité*, as our neighbours call it, which preserves me from being a bad man."

"Everything by turns and nothing long, you mean," said Helen. "Miss Moreton is ready to read you a lecture on instability of character."

"And I am prepared to prove that true wisdom is with me. By brooding over our wrongs we learn to resent them; by dwelling upon our misfortunes they master us; the one may bring us to the Old Bailey, and the other to Bedlam; whereas, by often changing the course of the current the channel remains unworn. Besides, where there are many changes there are many chances. My mind may some day produce something that connoisseurs will pronounce good. Meanwhile, nonsense and folly are capital safety-valves. *Vive la bagatelle!*"

After sauntering slowly to the window and back, he seated himself by Edward, who had been loudly applauding his concluding remark, and said, seriously, but in a low tone, "If I were you I would not vex my sister—except under a very strong temptation," he added.

"But were I to listen to Mona she would not let me do anything I like."

"Very possibly," answered Captain Orde, coolly. "Woman is man's natural enemy; but follow the wisest teaching, and heap coals of fire upon her head."

"That means let her have her own way. Not if I know it," said Edward, lapsing into boyish phraseology more emphatic than polite.

Mona was not able to prevent her brother from going to the ball. It closed a day of harmless folly by a night of mad revelry among maskers and dominos, where licence outweighs respectability. Nor could she prevent his intimacy with certain families whose habits and modes of thought were especially such as her father would have condemned.

A few idle words from companions more idle than himself were sufficient to turn Edward out of the old paths in which he had been taught to walk. He began by degrees to drift from his moorings, to think lightly of the obligations of the Sabbath, to forget the parental instructions, to frequent Sunday receptions, and to indulge in other laxities—small at first, but which had one inevitable result, that of weakening the wholesome "scruples" a man contracts

in a religious home. His natural buoyancy of spirit, increased by the exhilarating climate and his vigorous health, made him feel happy in all this, in spite of Mona's forebodings and admonitions, and a few twinges of conscience now and then, but it was the happiness of thoughtlessness.

There were many receptions and balls, some even a little compromising, where a good-looking fellow like him found a cordial welcome, besides *matinées*, *thés dansants*, and many sorts of amusements. In a place like Nice, where the snare of the fowler is so easily set, how can the unwary escape if they have not the curb of principle? Edward was peculiarly situated, and ready to become an easy prey. Mrs. Buxton and his pupil did not want him in the evening. After eight o'clock, and often before, he was free to spend his time as he pleased, and, unhappily, was strong enough, as he thought, not to miss the hours abstracted from sleep, night after night. Mrs. Buxton often supposed him to be with his sister when he was very differently employed, nor did she generally know when he returned home late, his prepossessing manners and appearance, with a silver key, occasionally used, easily securing him admittance at all hours. And all this led to an outlay he found it difficult to meet. He had given up every idea of saving anything out of his salary; it was an utter delusion, he told Mona; and one day he surprised her by asking the loan of a few pounds as soon as she received her first quarter.

"I cannot lend it," she answered, decisively. "Mrs. Fraser advanced me ten when I first went to her, part of which she made me spend upon my clothes, and ten more I already owe in Hillesden. With such a salary as she gives me I cannot live in her house in beggary. However little, I must have something in hand for the next quarter. Besides, if I can spare a pound or two it must be for mamma, and I thought you would have done the same, Edward," said Mona, looking somewhat reproachfully into his face.

"Most willingly, if I could," he answered, with ready speech but an embarrassed countenance. "When we go back to England, perhaps, I can do something. Of course I wish to help, but here there are so many expenses. In gloves alone I am obliged to spend lots of money."

Mona did not see the obligation, and said so, but her words were worse than idle, and only had the effect of rendering her brother's visits fewer and farther between.

CHAPTER XXV.

LENT had come; the gigantic Carnival had perished in flames as usual; the bells of Folly ceased to tingle, and the wail of the mourner, metaphorically speaking, succeeded, for troops of people hastened to early mass, to cry *peccavi*, and have their foreheads smeared with ashes, the darker the brand the more contented the penitent. The peasant from the country, the market woman from the stall, the respectable housewife, and the lady of fashion, alike passed through the same valley of humiliation, with this difference—that the superstitious would on no account diminish the value of the ceremony by removing the mark before the following morning.

Yet Lent brought its amusements after a fashion of its own, in which pleasures and duties were too judiciously arranged to interfere with each other. The other half of the community followed suit. There

were morning prayers in the church, and carpet dances in the evening; handsome dinners, and snug, sociable dinners; something for all tastes. The clergy denounced worldly vanities, and exhorted to abstinence in a general way, leaving the point at issue to each one's conscience. Some understood the recommendation in the strict sense, others in degree, so that the forbidden pleasure, like the hurtful morsel of Mohammed's pig, being unspecified, varied according to individual opinion.

Mrs. Fraser was for gradations, and gave small dinners and friendly receptions. Edward Moreton was frequently invited but rarely put in an appearance, so that it was quite a surprise to Mona when, on entering the drawing-room dressed for one of these simple dinners at which Mrs. Fraser expected her presence, she encountered her brother.

"Oh, Mona!" he began, hurriedly, "I can't stop five minutes, but I wanted particularly to see you. Will you get me to-morrow morning a dozen pair of the best kid gloves, all pale and pretty colours, number six and three-quarters? I want them by twelve o'clock."

"Six and three-quarters?" she repeated, in a tone of wonder and bewilderment, for the size betokened they were not for himself.

"Yes, it is a bet, I owe them to one of the Miss Cuthberts."

"Oh, Edward?" began Mona.

Her brother had only time to raise his hand in deprecation of the impending lecture when the door opened to admit the Lestocqs. Helen smiled her sweetest, expressing pleasure at meeting him there, but he quickly told her he could not stay, that he had only called to give his sister a commission, and must be off directly, as he was expected at home.

"You should have given it to me; I might have executed it more cheerfully," observed Helen, struck with Mona's seriousness.

Indeed, Mona both felt and looked unhappy, an unhappiness so mixed with anxiety that it seemed to add the stamp of years to her pensive countenance. What was Edward doing? Contact with others, his superiors in position, was already exercising the baneful influence of a false—in his case of a mad—emulation. And where was it to end? She did not like the Miss Cuthberts; they were of a new type to her—pretty overdressed dolls, with bright faces, always laughing and joking, and surrounded by young men wherever they went. They might be girls of fortune, and probably they were so, for their parents gave showy entertainments; but in style and appearance, which must be accepted as indications of character, they were not such as ought to attract a steady, hard-working young man, without other expectations than those to be realised by his own toil. And to think of Edward betting and rushing into an intimacy of that kind. What would come of it but evil—expenses which he would be unable to meet? and if so, what was to become of him? A lifetime overcast was the only answer, for a mistake early made has been known to dog the footsteps as the shadow of a crime, even to the end. And who would help him if he got into difficulties? There would be no alternative but to snatch away the bread from his widowed mother, and plunge her into want and distress. Poor Mona thought of Mr. Sinclair's repudiated warning, and heartily wished that Edward had never left England, feeling herself compelled to acknowledge that her faith in him was failing. Nor was this all. Over

and above was a sting of something like remorse, the bitterness of self-upbraiding. Had she been quite true to her conscience, had she not once silenced a secret voice that whispered possibilities she refused to entertain—now, alas! seen to be by no means improbable? Would Mr. Sinclair consider she had been untruthful in the matter?

Morbidly exaggerating her own share in what she feared was almost a deception, she passed through the ordeal of the little cosy dinner with a weary heart, smiling at the wrong time, and saying "no" for "yes" and "yes" for "no." But ever through her mind ran the torturing question, If Edward went wrong, what was to become of him? She might grant his present request; it would be but the sacrifice of a couple of pounds, difficult for her to spare, it is true, but not impossible with the self-denial to which she was accustomed; but there was a limit to her resources, as he had already found there was to his own. He must be made to feel the incompatibility of expense and extravagance with his position; but who would undertake a mentorship so unpalatable? For a moment her thoughts turned to Mr. Sinclair, but only to be immediately withdrawn. To apply to him was substantially to injure her brother's prospects. Might he not take alarm at the responsibility he incurred by leaving the child of his friend in hands so unfitted to guide him? Yet how could she satisfy her own conscience without injuring her brother? This was a painful question.

This evening, the dinner party being larger than usual, the second room was thrown open. Driven, in consequence, from the shelter of her private nook, Mona, full of heavy thoughts, unfastened the window and stepped out upon the balcony, closing it after her as well as she could, glad to escape for a short time the observation or meaningless chatter of any who might wander into the room. The moon was at its full, casting a trail of golden brightness on the sleeping waters, as peaceful a scene as the stars above could shed their mild radiance upon, and in great contrast with her own heart. In front was a corridor of lamps, like sparkling jewels strung together, extending the whole length of the esplanade and circling round the shore. The dark line beyond, far away over the sea, was broken by the Antibes beacon, which glimmered softly on one side, and by the revolving light of the port on the other, so regular in its changing colours that Mona mechanically arrested her reflections to watch their variations. "Every bit of nature is beautiful here," she thought, in dreary admiration, "but, ah, to be back in Hillesden once more!"

Even as the wish was formed, she remembered an incomprehensible sentence in her mother's last letter. "This cottage life has been a miserable episode. Nita and I are bearing it tolerably well because we know that it is not to last for ever."

What did that mean? A distrust difficult to analyse fastened itself upon her mind. Her mother must be meditating some fresh scheme or move; but what? Instinctively her mind turned to Mr. Sinclair, but what could Mrs. Moreton be plotting against him? All business matters had been long since settled, and their two lives were totally unconnected. What could she now have in common with the grave, isolated rector, whose sole interest was in the working of his parish and schools? But for the uncongeniality of their respective characters she would have imagined the old notion of Mrs. Moreton becoming his housekeeper had been revived. Could this be? The

warm blood tingled in her cheeks in spite of the thin, sharp air that was blowing across the balcony where she stood, as she remembered that Nita had said Mr. Sinclair was looking ill and went about with difficulty. "The effects of that exposure to cold," she mused, mentally referring to the accident in the glacier. "If it had been his brother, it would have done him no harm, but Mr. Sinclair is not strong." Having arrived at this conclusion, she went back to the other idea. If he were ill he would want some one to take care of him. How strange if, after all, that office should be undertaken by her mother.

Some one here fastened the window behind her, and turning round she saw Captain Orde arranging a shawl over the white shoulders of Helen Lestocq, whose sparkling beauty and happy *insouciance* contrasting so forcibly with the object then occupying her mind, awakened her indignation. Could Mr. Sinclair see Helen now in her conscious powers, or she him in the calm prosecution of his pastoral duties, whose feelings would have received the deeper shock, whose tastes the greater outrage? But Mona could not at the present moment afford to give her thoughts to Mr. Sinclair. She was anxious about her brother. What if he contracted debts that all their efforts could not meet? what if, in the thoughtlessness of youth, he wandered into a path that could only terminate in sorrow and disgrace?

The sight of Captain Orde, just then standing alone, suggested the idea of consulting him. He was not so good as Mr. Sinclair, and therefore would, she hoped, be more tolerant of Edward's failings. From him too she would hear the truth, or at least be able to gather it from his characteristic way of speaking. In spite of herself she was beginning to like him, and getting accustomed to his causticity, which she often fancied more assumed than real. He knew the world and could judge more wisely than herself, and would probably be able to allay or confirm her anxiety were it possible to get him to talk seriously. Mona tapped at the glass and he opened the window, expressing surprise at seeing her there.

"Star-gazing, Miss Moreton?" he began, in a bantering tone, and stopped. Some heavy care lay upon that pure, pale brow, an expression so sad that he could not fail to notice it. "If not star-gazing, you must have been self-communing, and the result is not favourable. Can I assist you to some more satisfactory conclusion?"

Mona looked up, as it seemed, into Mr. Sinclair's face, for the serious kindness in it was peculiarly his. At that moment the brothers were alike. Her heart was warmed into confidence, and she had no difficulty in speaking. After pouring out her fears, she implored Captain Orde to tell her if he knew anything to Edward's disadvantage.

"Where does he go? With whom does he chiefly spend his time? Mrs. Fraser invites him here in vain, and yet Mrs. Buxton half complained to me that he was seldom at home. We are so poor now my father is gone, that debt in his case would signify irremediable dishonour," said Mona, with a touch of pathos in her eyes as well as in her voice. "What do you know?"

"Nothing that should make you look so darkly upon his doings. He is not worse than other young men—your humble servant, for instance. Do you think so very badly of me?"

With that handsome face looking down upon hers, and his bright, glancing eyes brimful of mischief,

unable to be entirely honest, she took refuge in silence.

"Will you not answer me?"

"May I be true?" replied Mona.

"Which means, may I say something not very agreeable to hear. Thank you, I would rather be spared. Take my word for it, that to admit anything against yourself is suicidal. The world will believe much if you acknowledge a little."

"But Edward cannot afford to be put on a level with you. He is the only son of a widowed mother, who can but give him her affection and blessing. He must win his own bread and toil for his repose, dependent on the world's verdict for success—all that he has, all that he can have, hanging upon that censure or praise. He is not like you, rich and independent, able—"

"Rich!" repeated Captain Orde, raising his eyebrows in a comical manner, and turning towards Helen, who then approached. "She said *rich*, did she not? My dear lady, if to see all the good things of life poured into the lap of others, and to be fed oneself upon husks and kernels, suffering alternately from inanition and dyspepsia, is to be rich, I am a Croesus. I do not live—I scramble through existence. We open our hearts, and sunshine flows into them. We dance, and sing, and joy in everything—except in tribulation," he slowly added—"I do not wish to exercise a virtue so sublime."

"But a good man will even do that," said Mona.

"Then give your brother a chance of becoming one, by leaving him a little liberty to abuse."

Pained, because too much in earnest to understand a jest, Mona drew aside with a half-smothered sigh, feeling that serious counsel was not to be expected from that quarter. Was there no alternative but to let things go on as they were? To consult with Mr. Sinclair was a step so important, she hardly liked to think of it; and yet he was her last resource, her only friend on whom something within told her she might rely.

The days that passed did nothing to allay her anxiety. Her brother kept aloof, perhaps unwilling to encounter her grave questionings. She must wait. Lent was nearly over; palm branches, separated from their natural graceful growth, and twisted into stiff forms after various patterns, were prepared for the priest's blessing. After the ceremony, many of the youth of both sexes, streaming from the churches where these symbols had been hallowed by the sacerdotal touch, paraded them in the streets, and finally carried them home, to bring joy and prosperity throughout the rest of the year.

Easter was at hand—Easter, with which we are accustomed to associate brightness even when the heart is not awake to the joyful mystery it celebrates, that central pivot on which the eternal life of millions is suspended. To those for whom it is little more than an epoch in the season, it is often the signal for change. Visitors who have drained the cup of pleasure in one place are desirous of going to another. Captain Orde was one of these. In a few days he intended to leave Nice. His itinerary was not made; Rome, Naples, Sicily, Norway, and Lapland were talked of. Either end of Europe; the subtle, elegant Southern or the rough, hardy Norseman had equal attractions for this purposeless idler.

Mrs. Fraser proposed to join him a month later, at which her brother laughed and shook his head. He liked his liberty too well to be hampered with

a family, and advised her, if she wanted company, to induce Warren to go with her. "It will do him good to be wakened out of his sleepy life at Hillesden; Helen will find him all the livelier."

But in spite of his apparent carelessness, Captain Orde, before he left, made a few inquiries into the character and habits of Edward Moreton, and had the satisfaction of assuring his sister that he knew no harm of him.

"And what do you know of the Riddleys?" asked Mona, very little comforted by his opinion. "Mrs. Fraser will not visit them, and I know he is intimate there."

Captain Orde did not answer for a moment—did not even smile; he was thinking that her ingenuous face had not the unclouded look that would have harmonised so well with its usefulness; that thought, a trifle too deep for her years, lurked in the curves of the mouth in spite of its sweetness. "I should call the Riddleys good-natured, harmless sort of people," he said. "Society does not put them in the corner, and why should we?"

"WHEN GEORGE THE THIRD WAS KING."

CHAPTER IV.—TROUBLED ON EVERY SIDE.

"FARMER GEORGE" has frequently been the epithet of contempt with which those who have been ignorant of the man have expressed their opinion of George III. Lord Byron, in the most disgraceful poem which ever fell from his pen, speaking of the king, says:

"A better farmer ne'er swept dew from lawn;
A worse king never left a realm undone."

The first line is more thoroughly true than the poet was aware of. "Farmer George," in some sense, may be said to have anticipated the Mechis, Webbs, and other great practical farmers of our day. At that time we were dependent upon our husbandry; we had not emerged into the modern grandeur of an immense manufacturing, although already something of a commercial, nation. Under the name of "RALPH ROBINSON, Windsor," the king published his letters, addressed to Arthur Young, whose name is even now renowned in the "Annals of Agriculture," the title of a periodical of which he was the editor. The king had been impressed by the method of husbandry pursued by a Mr. Duckett, of Petersham; he had tried the method himself, and he wrote the letters to explain and elucidate the system, and to enforce on country gentlemen that method in the cultivation of their lands. "I will attempt," he says, "to describe his (Mr. Duckett's) mode of cultivation rather than it shall remain longer unnoticed in your Annals." Arthur Young appears to have had no idea at the time who his correspondent was, but asks Mr. Robinson to write again upon matters with which he appeared to be so familiar; so Ralph Robinson wrote again, and yet again. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the king attained to the distinction of the designation of "Farmer George;" and, indeed, when in the country, he was pretty active in "looking well to his farms," and this was the occasion of many an odd rencontre.

One day, near one of his farms, he observed a clown-

ish boy hanging over a gate which he was in no hurry to open for the unknown but royal pedestrian. The king, in his usually abrupt but kind manner, asked, "Well, boy; who are you?" "I be a pig boy," replied the ill-mannered urchin. "Who do you work for?" "I has no work now; they won't employ I." "Why not?" asked the monarch. "Because all the lands here about belongs to Georgie, and they don't want I." "Georgie—Georgie! who is Georgie?" demanded his majesty. "Whoy, he be king, and lives up at Castle there, but he does no good for I." The kind monarch was amused at the boy's simplicity; and not at all offended at his roughness, he gave him a scrap of paper with a word upon it to his farming bailiff, directing that he should instantly find him something to do which might make him more able to appreciate the merits of "Georgie."

The humorous stories which abound of George III.—of "Farmer George's" free intercourse with people of all classes round his residences of Kew or Windsor—have, no doubt, conveyed the idea to some that his manners were wanting in dignity and royalty; but this can only arise from a very partial and imperfect acquaintance, either with his character or his habits. Perhaps the true absence of royalty and dignity would have been exhibited had he been careful to keep up "the king" when he went into folks' kitchens, talked with old women by their firesides, or with travellers whom he happened to meet on the road. There is no absence of dignity, while there is the presence of a charming courtesy in the many conversations preserved to us with men of letters; and his behaviour in the Cabinet, and with his ministers in general, must be admitted, even by those who doubt the wisdom of his actions, to have been characterised by singular magnanimity. Even Mr. Thackeray says, "There was something grand about his courage." It was not an easy period during which the king held the sceptre. From the commencement of his reign to its close, it was a time of singular trouble, and we are surely guilty of no exaggeration, and only express a sentiment which people of all parties must admit to be true, when we say that, probably, England never had a sovereign who was, for the greater part of his reign, surrounded by advisers so unwise and incompetent.

Domestic agitations were prevalent in the country, and especially in the metropolis. A large portion of the reign was given over to the agitation of mobs; first, the turbulence of the great Wilkite Riots renewed again and again; then disturbances in consequence of the commencement of the reign of machinery, especially by the discovery of Sir Richard Arkwright; but these were trifling in comparison with the No Popery Riots in 1780. That wild and lawless burst of popular insanity, beneath the fanatical leadership of Lord George Gordon, the son of the Duke of Gordon, fell like a thunderbolt on the metropolis. The tempest rolled and raged along through all the principal highways and streets in atrocious outrages through many days. The carriages of unpopular peers and highest officers of state, bishops, archbishops, chancellors, and great law lords, were stopped; their owners taken from them, their robes and clothing torn from their bodies, and they themselves kicked, wounded, and maltreated. The infuriated popular tempest beat round the Houses of Parliament, and set fire to Newgate. Dr. Johnson says, in a letter to Mr. Thrale, "I walked out to look at Newgate, and

found it in ruins, with the fire yet glowing. As I went by, the Protestants were plundering the Sessions House at the Old Bailey. They did their work at leisure, in full security, and without trepidation, as men lawfully employed, and in full day." From the 29th of May to the 8th of June, these riots raged with increasing intensity. This is no place to attempt to describe the stream of well-known incident; it has been so well set forth in history, and portrayed with such graphic strength in fiction, and in Cowper's manly verse, that we may presume all our readers to be acquainted with the events. The only person who seemed to retain his self-possession was the king, but he could get no one to act. He urged and remonstrated with Lord North, the *insouciant* prime minister, but he urged and remonstrated in vain; at last the king called the council himself in his own name. London was literally all in flames, and still the council was confused and declined to act. At last, undecided to stir a step to do anything, they left to the king a most unfair and unrighteous amount of responsibility, and then he plainly told the lords of the Privy Council he would accept it, and if they hesitated to give him their advice, he would act without it. In an evident and painful anguish of mind and heart, he declared he would order his guards to the door, mount his horse, and, heading them, go forth in person and disperse the rioters by force. "I lament," he said, "the conduct of the magistrates, but I can answer for *one*"—laying his hand on his breast—"one who will do his duty." What must have been the weakness of that government which needed such an argument to quell such an outrage? And still the king had to act for himself. He sent for Wedderburn, the attorney-general, who counselled the king that if a riotous assembly gathered to perpetrate felony, such as burning houses, and the civil power was inefficient, the law justified the employment of the military. The king then dictated a letter to Lord Amhurst, the commander-in-chief, Wedderburn writing it, at the king's dictation, kneeling at the council table. Even while all this was going on new flames were being kindled; two attacks upon the Bank of England failed, but the prisons of the Fleet, the Marshalsea, and the King's Bench had all been broken open, the prisoners released, the prisons consigned to the flames. The skies at night were red with conflagration. The neighbourhood of Holborn—most rife then with every vilest wickedness and debased sensuality, and yet abounding with buildings, residences, and distilleries, giving an incentive to plunder—was especially doomed; pails of gin were handed about among the crowd, spirits flowed along the kennels at the time when the king, unable longer to endure the supineness of his ministers, interposed. There were thirty-six conflagrations raging in different parts of London. Such was the state of things when the king took it upon himself to order out the guards; and Bishop Newton—no mean authority—thinks that if the king had not then acted upon his own determination, the entire cities of London and Westminster would have been heaps of ashes. It is said that throughout the long period of the riots the king never retired to rest, but walked about the palace the whole night, himself on guard, lest any attack should be made endangering his own wife or family.

If such were the difficulties of the king in a matter so imminent, and circumstances so palpably disastrous, we may form some idea of the difficulties he

had to encounter in matters more remote. The self-will and dogged obstinacy of the king have often been commented upon; but the story of his reign presents repeated instances in which he seems to have been the only man in the government with any will at all, and with little light from other minds to modify the determinations in his own. No doubt the happiest administration for him personally was that of Lord North. North had been the king's companion from his childhood; he really was a good creature; lymphatic good-humour was the characteristic of his temper. Circumstances and events which threw the king into a state of nervous irritability dropped upon North's temper like a spear upon a feather bed; nothing perturbed him. Once, in the House, while a member was pouring a long stream of fiery invective upon him and his government, he sat, his head upon his shoulder, and his eyes closed, as if fast asleep. The indignant speaker pointing to him, spoke of him as fast asleep. North said, so loud as to be heard by the whole House, "I wish I had been!" On another occasion, a member referred to him as "a thing." North quietly replied that the designation did not trouble him much, for he knew the honourable member only wanted to be *the thing* he was! Nothing disturbed him. He was the only minister the king had, until the younger Pitt came, for whom he felt respect or affection; but the incapacity of his government has passed into a proverb; he did not serve the interests of the king much, and when it is remembered that he was, perhaps, the best of the royal advisers, and his ludicrous and lazy indifference is understood, we may be prepared to sympathise with the difficulties of a highly nervous and scrupulously conscientious man like the king.

Through many periods of his life the king was subject to alarming illnesses; but the first great affliction which fell upon his family and the nation was about the year 1788. It is a curious circumstance that the first precognition was intimated from the mind of Mrs. Siddons, the illustrious actress, after one of her visits and private performances before the royal household; her wonderful study of, and entrance into, the obscure diseases of the mind, led her to express a fear which was soon verified in fact; but the king himself was the first who plainly expressed his presentiment of the coming calamity. Music was his favourite passion and recreation; and, after one of the concerts in the palace, he went up to Dr. Ayrton, and laying his hand on his shoulder, said, with gentle benignity, "I fear, sir, I shall not be able long to listen to music; it seems to affect my head; it is with difficulty I can bear to hear it." And then he made the commonplace, but scarcely the less affecting remark, "We may be very great, but the best of us are all frail mortals!" The cloud soon descended, and the government was plunged in strange confusion. We can only draw a veil over personal and family conflicts, which, to say the least of them, are shocking to every sacred sensibility. The period of restoration to sanity came, and, singularly, as the king himself had been the first to express the presentiment of his illness, he was the first to settle the question of his restored sanity. He had been in the habit of holding short conversations, which led to the indulgence of this hope. One morning a Captain Manners was mentioned as being in an adjoining room. "Let him come in," said the king; "he is not only Manners, but good manners." A looking-

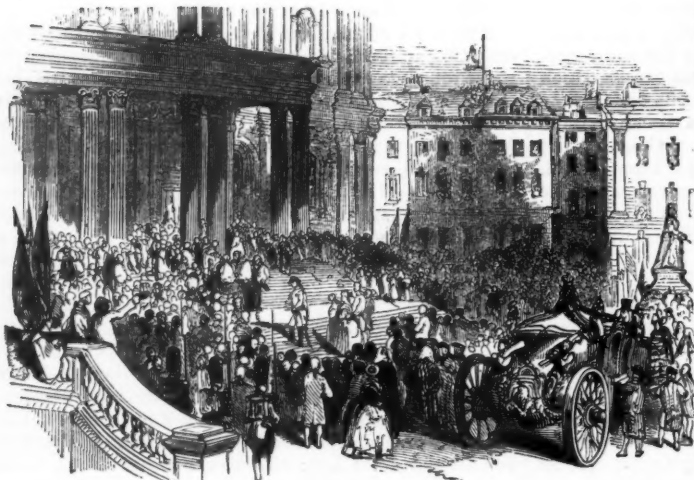
glass on a pier had been covered with green cloth, that the king might not see how greatly he was emaciated. He asked the reason of the green cloth being hung there. The answer was, "To prevent the reflection of too much light;" and the king instantly replied, "How can that be, when it is from the light?" And this simple and undesigned circumstance seemed to settle that connection of ideas which is another way of describing sanity.*

But if we retrace our steps and notice some of the agitating circumstances of the years immediately preceding, we can scarcely wonder that they tended to unhinge a mind which, however firm, was cruelly beaten upon for many years by the roughest storms. Many of the trying circumstances in which the king was placed reveal the magnanimity of his nature. In August, 1786, as he was stepping from his carriage at the entrance to St. James's Palace, Margaret Nicholson made an attempt upon his life with a sharpened knife, making a direct thrust at his heart, which he avoided by a backward movement; then she followed it up by another thrust, the point of the knife entering his waistcoat, but being turned aside. Of course, the horror and indignation of the bystanders was intense. She was seized, and perhaps in great danger of her own life, but the king shouted to the multitude around, "Do not hurt her! You see, poor creature, she is mad, she is mad! Be sure you do not hurt her; she has not hurt me!" Of course, whatever might be the cause, such an attempt was likely to create great excitement; but it showed the tenderness of his heart that he took means that the old lady, Mrs. Delany, should not know of the attempt on the night on which it was made, lest she should have a bad night. He was the first, on returning to Windsor, to inform the queen, and he insisted instantly on their walking together on the terrace, that the people might be assured of his health and safety.

In the year 1800 he was shot at twice in one day: in the morning, while reviewing the guards in Hyde Park; the would-be assassin seemed to escape; but, in the evening, the second and more serious attempt was made as he entered his box at Drury Lane Theatre. The pistol was discharged, and two slugs passed just above the head of the king. Michael Kelly saw the whole transaction. He says the king drew himself up for a moment, stood firm, then advanced to the front of the box, showing himself alive and safe to the whole of the house. The Lord Chancellor and the Earl of Salisbury entreated him to retire, but he peremptorily refused, saying to one of them, "Sir, you discompose me as well as yourself. I shall not stir one step." Sheridan was in the house that night, and Michael Kelly and Mrs. Jordan, the celebrated actress, led off a verse of "God save the King," improvised by Sheridan on the occasion:

* The king was always in the habit on Sunday evenings of reading aloud a sermon to the queen and his children. On the first Sunday that he was restored to his family after the first attack of his sad malady, he took up the book of sermons to read, as was his wont, and, turning over the leaves, he stopped, and, pointing his finger to the title of one of the sermons, he turned round to Lady Charlotte Finch (who was governess to the royal children, and always present on these occasions) and said to her, in his quick way, "Lady Char, Lady Char, that never forsook me during the whole of my illness." The words were, "TRUST IN THE LORD." [We have received this touching anecdote from Lady Louisa Finch, who had it from a granddaughter of Lady Charlotte Finch, and therefore she knows it to be authentic.—ED. "L. H."]

"From every latent foe,
From the assassin's blow,
God save the king!
O'er him Thine arm extend;
For Britain's sake defend
Our father, prince, and friend,
God save the king!"



THE KING GOING TO ST. PAUL'S TO RETURN THANKS AFTER HIS ILLNESS.

It was called for three times by the audience. One of the most interesting accounts of this little agitating episode may be found in a letter in the "Memoirs and Correspondence of Hannah More." In this instance also the assassin, James Hadfield, was insane. The poor fellow was committed to Bedlam for the rest of his days.

Other ordeals through which the king passed were even yet more fearful, and yet more calculated to test that personal courage of which we have spoken as a singular attribute of his character. At the close of the last century, the war with France, and many other national calamities, had created almost a famine price for food; it was a time of terrible political turbulence, and we have seen that it was an age of mobs. Seditions were rife on every hand; the people were ready for any mischief. It was in October, 1795, when the king passed through what may be truly called a tremendous day. He was proceeding in his cumbrous gilt coach to open Parliament; two hundred thousand people surged around him like a living sea, crying, "Bread! bread! Peace! peace! No king! no king!" In the carriage with the king were the Earls of Westmoreland and Onslow; when they had proceeded some little distance, a pistol was fired; the ball perforated the glass, but went through the window on the opposite side. The two lords manifested considerable alarm, and seemed to fancy the situation was getting somewhat warm. The king said, "Sit still, sit still! We must not show any fear, whatever happens!" And we are afraid we must convict him of a kind of bravado, in that, instead of leaning back in his carriage, he continued to show himself, with great self-possession

curiously examining the hole through which the shot had passed. When he stepped from his carriage at the House of Lords, he said to the Lord Chancellor, "My lord, we have been shot at." But in delivering his speech from the throne, his manner was perfectly quiet, and gave no indications of the imminent danger in which his life had been

placed a few minutes before. Stepping from the throne, while the peers all round him were engaged in exciting animadversions on the outrage, he said, as he was entering his coach, "Well, my lords, one person is proposing this, and another is supposing that, forgetting that there is One above all who disposes of everything, and on whom we can alone depend." The outrages in the progress to the House were trifling compared with those which greeted the king on his return. The mob was mad in its virulent violence; stones rapidly showered upon the carriage; the windows were completely smashed; several of the stones hit the king. "One stone," says Lord Onslow, "went into the cuff of the king's coat, where it lodged; he took it out and gave it to me, saying, 'I make you a present of this, as a memorial of the civilities we have received in

our journey to-day.'" He kept his senses quite cool and complete as the mob hurled and heaved up, threatening to overturn the coach. He beckoned some of the guards to come nearer, but glancing over the crowd as he saw a soldier apparently about to cut down an innocent person, he called aloud to him that he was mistaken, and thus saved the person's life. It was about the same time that the queen was struck on the cheek by a stone hurled



REVIEW IN HYDE PARK.

through the window of her carriage. The king offered a thousand pounds reward for the discovery of the miscreant, but in vain. So threatening, however, seemed to be the attitude of affairs, and the fury of the lower classes at this time, that the king told Lord Elcho he thought it not improbable he should be the last King of England. It is no exaggeration to say that the personal character of the king saved the monarchy.

THE FRANKFORT JUDENGASSE.



THE HOME OF THE ROTHSCHILDS.

FAITH and race are not the only barriers that separate the Jew from the Gentile. The Jew is gregarious, and loves to flock together with those of his own kith and kin, whatever their remove may be. This propensity shows itself clearly in all great centres of population partly inhabited by Jews, where the children of Israel have at all times huddled together in the same streets or districts, either from choice, or compulsion, or both. During the middle ages, the public authorities took great care to assign separate districts to the Jews, and not to allow them to intermingle their dwellings with those of the Gentiles. The reason of this was twofold. In the first place, the dislike for the Eastern race was extreme among the people at large, from the highest to the lowest. The antipathy displayed among Gentiles of different nationalities for each other at the present day is as nothing to the feeling with which the race

of Abraham was looked upon throughout Europe in those benighted mediæval ages. The merest contact with the Jew was abhorred, even amongst the lowest classes. Sir Walter Scott, in "Ivanhoe," describes the cell in which Isaac of York is permitted by Cedric to spend a night; and Anwold, Cedric's serf, replying to a question from the pilgrim who happens to find shelter under the same roof, says, "The unbelieving dog kennels in the cell next your holiness. St. Dunstan! how it must be scraped and cleansed ere it be again fit for a Christian!" This is as true a picture as any that could be devised. Hence it is most natural that the civil authorities endeavoured to confine the Jews within districts set apart for them, so as to comply with, or rather pander to, the national prejudices of their subjects.

The second reason for erecting a partition wall against the Jews had both humanitarian and inter-

ested considerations for its foundation. The Jew must be kept apart from the rest, so as to be able to protect him against the rage of the populace which in so many instances was kindled against the ancient people by the priests, oftentimes leading to dastardly massacres of the unoffending Hebrews, regardless of age and sex. Again, he must be protected—that is to say, his life and limbs must be guarded against impending assassination, because the mediæval rulers, whenever they found themselves in monetary difficulties, would fleece the Jews to the utmost, taking away from them whatever property of theirs they could lay hold of; and in order to do so, it was, of course, much more convenient to have them all gathered together in one place, than to be obliged to look them up in different places. In this way we meet with separate streets and lanes set aside for the Jews in most of the large towns of Europe. In London, the Old Jewry, which is now full of companies' and solicitors' offices, used to be the head-quarters of the British Jews, and must have been so far back as a hundred years ago; for Crabtree, in the "School for Scandal," speaking of Charles Surface's habit of patronising Jewish money-lenders, says, "If the Old Jewry were a ward, I believe Charles would be an alderman. No man more popular there." At the present day, Petticoat Lane and the surrounding portions of Whitechapel harbour the bulk of the Jewish population of East London. Paris has its Rue des Juifs, with adjoining parts of the Marais; Strasburg has its Rue des Juifs, with no more Jews in it than in the Old Jewry of London. On the other hand, we find a Judenstrasse at Berlin, a Judenstadt at Prague, a Ghetto both at Rome and in several other cities in Italy; and last, not least, the Judengasse at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, of which we purpose now to say a word or two.

Of all the districts set aside for the Jews in any city of central Europe, the Judengasse (Jewry), with its surroundings, called Judenmarkt (Jews' Market), Judenmauer (Jews' Wall), etc., is decidedly the most interesting. The Jews of Frankfort used at all times to occupy an exceptional position among those of Germany. They were by preference designated as *Reichskammerknechte* (valets of the Empire); and in consideration of certain services, chiefly of a financial nature, they had to render to the Emperor, they enjoyed special protection at his hands, and the title of *Schutzjude* (privileged Jew) was a passport to absolute immunity from those persecutions to which other Jews were constantly more or less exposed. Among the incapacities imposed on them at Frankfort there were some very strange ones. The large square before the Town Hall—the notorious Römes—is divided by a gutter in two halves, called Römerberg and Samstagsberg. The Jews were not allowed to step on the former, but only on the latter; by crossing the gutter they incurred a heavy fine. In some places prohibitive inscriptions were found, like "*Ein Jud und ein Schwein darf hier nicht herein*" (No Jews nor pigs admitted here). Again, at one time they were obliged to wear brass rings on the fringe of their coats; and at another they had to fix a piece of yellow cloth on the lower part of their backs, for the purpose of being distinguishable from the rest of the community. But the one paramount feature by which they were distinguished from all the rest of the people, was the legal compulsion of living all in the same street, in which they had to find accommodation, however large or however small their numbers might be.

The prohibition of living outside the gates of the

Judengasse was repealed about seventy years ago, at the time when the Grand Duchy of Frankfort, under the dominion of Karl von Dalberg, Prince Primate of Germany, belonged to the Rhenish Confederation, which consisted of a set of vassals of Napoleon I. Since that time most of the wealthier Jews have removed from its precincts, and its population at the present day is quite a promiscuous one; yet the place has preserved its interest almost intact, so far as architecture and "edility" is concerned, as a glance at our engraving will show to those of our readers who have not had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with it by inspection. A visitor to Frankfort would never think of leaving before having seen the far-famed Jewish quarter. A portion of the Judengasse was burnt down a few years since, but enough remains to make it worth any tourist's while to go a little out of his way to see it. Let, then, our readers imagine two rows of houses, occupying about a quarter of a mile in length, all of them reduced to the smallest width imaginable, and each of them raised to such a height as to afford accommodation to the largest possible number of people. It is rather from the rear than from the front that this curious arrangement becomes readily perceptible. Any one passing along the Judenmauer, and looking so high up as to almost rick his neck, must notice the tops of the houses, some of which are barely wider than his arm is long, with interstices between them, looking very much like teeth with spaces left between them, or like point-lace of the Vandyke pattern. There are, perhaps, half a dozen storeys to each house, and every storey would accommodate a whole family, although it might have no more capacity than a good-sized stable.

At one end of the Judengasse there used to be the old-fashioned synagogue, a cold, dismal-looking place, which has since made room for a new synagogue, more modern both in appearance and ritual, and which is considered one of the leading sights of Frankfort. Half-way between this edifice and the eastern gate of the Judengasse there is the Rothschild House, a building in which all the members of the Rothschild family of the last generation were born. The first Rothschild, Meyer Amschel by name, used to live in this house long after the Jews had been allowed to live in Christian districts, and his widow actually died there, not more than a few years ago. It may be remarked that this interesting family is supposed originally to hail from Roeskild, in Denmark, which the Germans call Rothschild.

The story of the Rothschilds greatly resembles one of the Arabian Nights' tales, with this difference, however, that in their case truth is stranger than fiction. Meyer Amschel Rothschild was carrying on the business of a banker in the Judengasse, and among all those who knew him he enjoyed the reputation of combining great commercial probity with extreme shrewdness. In the course of the war that followed the French Revolution, from 1792 till 1815, Frankfort and the surrounding districts of Hesse were among the first places to which the inroads of the "shirtless" soldiery of the French Republic, about the year 1795, extended. In those days there lived the old Prince Elector of Hesse, who, during the American War of Independence, had actually sold his subjects to the British Government to fight for King George on the borders of the Rappahannock and Potomac. This old miser had hoarded up an immense treasure, by fair means and foul, valued at full eight million thalers, or about £1,200,000 of our

money. When the French invaded his dominions, they were particularly eager to possess themselves of this treasure, and the Elector was at a loss how to get it into a safe place. In this emergency he asked Rothschild to take charge of it. Rothschild did not care to embark in such a dangerous venture, for the French, he thought, would be sure to find it out, and visions of drumhead court-martial and summary executions were prominent in his mind. However, upon the Elector declaring that he would take all risk himself, and not even ask for a receipt, Rothschild consented at last. The immense hoards of gold and jewels were conveyed to his residence in the dark of night, and buried in his garden at the moment when the French scouts entered the city. They at once made for Rothschild's house, where they expected to find the coveted treasure. However, so well were these millions hidden that the marauders were glad to lay hold of Rothschild's own money, amounting to about £6,000, which he made no endeavours to conceal; so that by losing his few thousands he saved the Elector's millions. When the invaders had left Frankfort, Rothschild dug up some of the Elector's money and devoted it to some business transactions. In this he was very successful, and after a comparatively short time, he managed not only to recover from all his losses, but actually to increase his fortune to such an extent as to become one of the wealthiest bankers on the banks of the Rhine. After the treaty of the peace of Luneville, in 1801, which was soon followed by the treaty of peace of Amiens, concluded between Bonaparte and England, the Prince Elector returned to his states. While in exile he had heard of Rothschild's house having been pillaged by the ragged regiments of the French Republic, and so he naturally inferred that his beloved treasure must have vanished into thin air. On seeing Rothschild again, he at once asked him, in the most despairing tone in the world, "Have the rascals left me anything at all?" How great and joyful was his surprise when the faithful steward informed him that the treasure was intact, and made it clear to him that by throwing out the small fry in the shape of his own more modest capital, he had preserved that big fish he now offered to restore to its legitimate owner, together with five per cent. interest from the day on which it was lodged with him. The grateful prince not only insisted upon Rothschild indemnifying himself for his losses out of the wealth entrusted to him, but also made him keep the millions for another twenty years, at the low rate of two per cent. interest per annum.

The first Rothschild, who died in 1812, left five sons and five daughters. The former established themselves in five of the principal cities of Europe—viz., Amschel at Frankfort, Solomon at Vienna, Nathan Meyer in London, Charles at Naples, and James in Paris. While Amschel became the head of the family, Nathan was the most active and enterprising of the brothers. As early as 1798 he had settled in England. It was he who managed first to possess himself of the news of the Battle of Waterloo as early as twenty-four hours before Lord Palmerston, the then Secretary of War, heard of it, and by means of this advantage he cleared nearly a million sterling. He died suddenly in 1836, and his death produced a perfect panic on the Stock Exchange. His brother Amschel survived him a number of years. The patronage enjoyed by him and the others at the hands of the various European sovereigns to whom

the Prince Elector had related the story of his own treasure at the Congress of Vienna, gradually increased their wealth beyond all proportions, so much so that the very name of Rothschild has been proverbial for a modern Croesus these fifty years and more. The Emperor Francis I of Austria, who contracted many loans through the Rothschild firm, bestowed letters of nobility on the family. Of Baron Amschel Rothschild, of Frankfort, it is related that, in 1848, one of those Socialists who clamoured for equality of possession came to him and asked to share his wealth with him. The baron, handing him a florin, said, "This, my friend, is the amount that will fall to your share if my money is equally divided among all your brothers." It was reversing the case of Canning's friend of humanity and the needy knife-grinder. The disappointed Socialist never returned to the charge.

In our engraving the Rothschild house is shown, with the "old lady" standing at the door. But a few years ago any one passing through this street could have beheld one of the most curious collection of Jewish types from all parts of the world, for Jews would flock to Frankfort from Poland and from America alike. The sight is no longer the same now, there being now a very large sprinkling of Gentiles in the "gasse," as the Jews of Frankfort affectionately term it. Despite their being cooped up in the very smallest space imaginable, and with most inadequate sanitary arrangements, the Jews used to keep up their health much better even than the inhabitants of broad, spacious streets, with large mansions, showing that their habits are more correct from a hygienic point of view than those of Gentiles. On the whole, whatever there remains of the Judengasse is well worth seeing, and the sooner our readers look at the original the more chance they will have of seeing it, for the Judengasse is now gradually being "improved out of existence."

J. A.

READING FOR THE BLIND.

THERE has been much discussion of late, especially on the Continent, as to the possibility of an agreement on the method of teaching, among the managers of the several institutions throughout Europe for the instruction of the blind, so that in future all blind persons taught in those institutions in any part of Europe shall be able to understand one another. At present, owing to the differences in the methods of teaching followed in the several countries—e.g., French and German—blind persons cannot understand each other unless with the greatest difficulty. An attempt to bring about unity of method has been already made more than once, but with no success worth speaking of.

The earliest authentic record we appear to possess of any attempt to provide means by which the blind might be enabled to read, describes a plan of engraving letters in wood, but in consequence of their being sunken instead of raised, they were practically useless. In the middle of the seventeenth century, M. Moreau endeavoured to obviate this difficulty by casting moveable leaden types, but for the want of funds he was unable to develop his schemes, and no remarkable advance was made until the year 1784, when M. Haiy embossed paper from metal types, adopting the large and small italic

letters. Thirty-seven years, however, elapsed before his plan was introduced into England.

In 1821 the Lady Elizabeth Lowther brought over from Paris some of the books embossed upon M. Haüy's plan for the use of her son, now Sir Charles H. Lowther, Bart., of Swillington and Wilton Castle, Yorkshire. She also procured types, by means of which he might emboss other books for himself. With the assistance of a clever man-servant, Sir Charles Lowther embossed St. Matthew's Gospel and several of the Epistles, and he may therefore be considered to have been the first to read and to print embossed books in this country. The original printing-press and types are still preserved at Swillington.

The twenty years which followed this introduction of embossed books into England were destined to inaugurate a new era for the education of the blind. The noble pioneer in providing literature for the blind at large was Mr. Gall, of Edinburgh, who, between 1827 and 1834, published some elementary works, and the Gospel by St. John, printed in an angular type. The benevolent Mr. Alston, of Glasgow, followed in his wake, and after printing a few elementary works in the Roman letter, he produced, in the following year, the New Testament, and soon completed the whole Bible.

It soon became evident that the unaltered Roman letter was not decipherable by the mass of the blind, and the consequence was that other benevolent individuals devoted themselves to the construction of new types. Mr. Lucas, of Bristol, and Mr. Frere, of Blackheath, arranged their alphabets upon a simpler plan than those of Gall and Alston, but they encumbered their systems with so large a number of contractions, that they were beyond the mental capacity of more than half the blind population.

Here we may remark that more than half of the blind are upwards of thirty years of age (*vide* Census, 1871); and when we consider that the majority are deprived of sight by accident or acute disease, we can well imagine how their nerves have often been shattered, and that they are unfitted for any great mental exertion.

This brief introduction brings us to the origin of the great work for the blind which is known as

MOON'S SYSTEM.

When Mr. Moon lost his sight in the year 1840, he at once devoted himself to the acquisition of the various systems then in use. He soon discovered the defects referred to above; but, nevertheless, he searched for the blind in Brighton, where he resided, and endeavoured to teach them by one or another of the existing plans. In a few cases he was successful, but with others he was not so. His want of success led him to reflect upon the causes of failure, and he ultimately constructed a system embracing very simple characters for the alphabet, which is composed principally of the Roman letters in their original, or in slightly modified forms, combined with *Full Orthography*. By this arrangement only nine characters of very simple formation, placed in various positions, completed the alphabet. Eight of the letters are identically our common printed letters, fourteen others consist of parts of our common letters, the unnecessary strokes being omitted, and the remaining five are new characters.

For five years Dr. Moon endeavoured without success to teach a boy to read by the older systems, and to this disappointed hope of teaching the lad may be

traced the introduction of the type which has since proved such a boon to many thousands in our own and foreign lands. After ten days' instruction in the new system the poor boy could read easy sentences.

The work of embossing in Dr. Moon's type was commenced in 1847, and for some years was carried on at his private residence. In course of time, however, more commodious premises were required. Ground was consequently purchased upon which the present buildings for preparing the books, etc., have been erected. The foundation-stone was laid by Sir Charles Lowther, Bart., on the 4th of September, 1856. The original structure at first appeared to be of considerable size, but it soon proved to be too small, and from time to time enlargements have been required to meet the increasing demands for the books.

It was estimated when Dr. Moon introduced his type, that but very few of the adult blind accustomed to work could read by the systems then in use. Undoubtedly this was due to the complex forms of the Roman letters and the difficulties experienced by the blind in the study of stenography.

Dr. Moon's type may be said to be universal, he having adapted it to 122 different languages and dialects, and the success it has achieved is marvellous and gratifying in the extreme. Wherever it has been tried it has been readily acquired and easily retained.

The library for the blind in this type now comprises, in addition to the Holy Scriptures and a large number of single chapters, 30 volumes of religious works, 55 biographical, 48 tales and anecdotes, and 27 books of poetry; besides 4 volumes of the History of England, 2 of geography, 4 of Biblical dictionary, 4 of natural history, 1 of astronomy, various astronomical and geographical maps, pictures of animals, etc.; 2 spelling-books, a grammar, and several elementary books for schools; also many volumes in foreign languages. Upwards of a hundred thousand volumes have been issued since the commencement of the work.

The circulation of the books, as already mentioned, has not been confined to Great Britain and Ireland, large numbers having been sent abroad to America, Australia, China, India, New Zealand, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Russia, Turkey, Poland, Norway, Sweden, Africa, Syria, etc., etc. Copies of the Lord's Prayer, and other small portions of Scripture, have been sent as specimens to Lapland, Iceland, Greenland, Labrador (for the Esquimaux), the Fiji Islands, and Japan.

Dr. Moon has frequently visited the Continent on behalf of the blind. During a tour he made in 1858-9-60, through Holland, Germany, and France, he could nowhere find a type by which the adult blind could read. However, upon making a trial with his own system adapted to the Dutch, German, and French, his success was so signal in teaching several to read who had previously tried in vain by the older methods, that he at once resolved to prepare fresh books in those languages. A large number have been printed, and are now in use. Home-teaching societies and free lending libraries have also been established in several of the continental cities and towns.

To meet the requirements of the large number of the blind poor (to whom Dr. Moon's system is so admirably adapted), home-teaching societies and free lending libraries of Moon's books have been established. The work of home-teaching societies is to

send teachers to search out and instruct the blind at their own homes, as it would not only be inconvenient but impossible to provide a sufficient number of schools in which to teach the adult blind to read, many of them being upwards of eighty and ninety years of age. Upwards of fifty of these societies have been formed in Great Britain and Ireland, and several abroad.

Sir Charles Lowther, to whom we referred as being the first reader of embossed books in England, is a very liberal supporter of Dr. Moon's work. We find upon reference to Dr. Moon's "Light for the Blind," that Sir Charles possesses a full library of these embossed books. He has been a noble benefactor to the blind in generously presenting a large number of them to various home-teaching societies and free lending libraries for the blind. He has during the past eight years presented more than 10,000 volumes to them.

For the foregoing statement we are indebted to a blind contributor, who is evidently a warm advocate of the system which has conferred benefit upon him. There is, however, much difference of opinion as to the best system of typography. In the case of the blind poor there is little room for choice, as they have to take what is provided for them by their benefactors and helpers. But among the educated blind the preference for Dr. Moon's system is far from general.

From one of these we have received the following notes on

THE BRAILLE SYSTEM.

The variety of systems in use for teaching the blind to read, prevented, and to some extent still prevents, that universality of action in their education which is essential to its completeness and thoroughness. Most of the mechanisms by which letters or characters are brought into relief upon paper are expensive. Books thus printed, however subsidised by the funds of the philanthropic, cannot become universal, or reach those for whom they are intended, and who are, as a class, needy. There are, say, half-a-dozen founts of type and plants for printing where one or two would suffice, if only one or two alphabets or systems were in use, and the range of the literature consequently remained and remains extremely limited as well as costly.

With a view to bettering this state of things it occurred some time ago to some blind gentlemen of means, leisure, and education, to band themselves together into an Association with the object of discovering the best methods of education by touch; to produce the best apparatus for enabling the blind to read, write, and acquire a knowledge of geography, music, and arithmetic; to promote in every way the higher education, social well-being, and profitable employment of the blind. Hitherto all legislation to this end has been conducted by the seeing, whom it is now clearly understood are not fully competent to deal with the subject. The blind are the only leaders of the blind who can practically investigate the merits of the multitudinous systems and contrivances which have been invented from time to time for their benefit. Hence the members of the executive council of the association must, by its rule, be blind, or so nearly so as to be obliged to use the finger instead of the eye for the purpose of reading. Starting with this condition and from this standpoint, they proceeded carefully to examine the various embossed

types and methods of education, and after some years of patient labour have come to certain decisions. Chief amongst them is the declaration that Braille's dotted system is the one above all others best fitted, at any rate for juvenile education, if not for meeting the daily requirements of the intelligent blind of all ages.

In the first place it is the only one which can be written by a blind man, so that he can afterwards read what he has written; it is the only one which lends itself completely to musical notation; it occupies far less space, a most important matter, than all others; and equally important, it is by far the least expensive in the manufacture of its type, or stereotype plates, and in its printing. Various, too, have been the improvements effected by the council in many of its details, such as in abbreviations, and the mechanical means of writing and printing it; and the daily increase in the number of those who use it fully attests its superiority. Many, especially blind women who have hitherto been able to earn little or nothing towards their maintenance, are now employed in writing out embossed manuscript copies of educational and other works which have not yet been printed; these books are bound and put into circulation, and are found to be of great use.

Any blind person who can afford to pay more than the price at which embossed printed books are sold, can now have any work he wishes for written out in the Braille type. There is a steady increase in the demand for embossed books and other apparatus for the education of the sightless, a proof that the standard of education is rising.

The association is now endeavouring to supply the want of class-books, which is felt in every well-managed school where the blind are educated.

Different institutions still use different systems of embossed printing for reading purposes, but wherever writing is taught the Braille system is used. As it is impossible to give even a good elementary education without the use of writing, it follows that this system is employed wherever a good education is attempted, and that books published in this type must therefore come eventually into general use. The character is legible, and as I have said before, occupies far less space than any other, and it is well for the blind, whatever reading system they may eventually prefer, to be thoroughly familiar with the written character which they will have to use all their lives, unless they follow some occupation which impairs their sense of touch.

By writing is here meant a process which, to the blind, supplies the place that, with the seeing, is held by pen-and-ink writing, and consists, by the use of a little guiding frame, and a small, blunt-pointed style, in the production of certain combinations of elevated dots. The writer starting from right to left, reverses the form of each letter of his alphabet by what may be called *repoussé* work, with the aid of the style; so that when the paper is turned over, the series of dots come into relief, and can be read off by the finger in their proper shape and combination from left to right; and it is astonishing to observe how little practice is necessary to acquire the habit or trick of reversing the combination or shape of each group of dots which form each letter; when the pupil is writing, indeed, he has to learn to do nothing more in this respect than every compositor has to do when he is setting up ordinary type, only the blind man makes his own letters as he goes. It is,

in fact, nothing more than a perfect development of the old-fashioned pin-point pricking, which, however, never deserved the name of writing.

The alphabet is formed by the combination of dots, certain arrangements of which also represent some of the words in most frequent use, as will be seen from the diagram. The dots are in high relief for the touch, although in the diagram printed in black ink.

tion, have received the attention of the association, and through its agency are being improved and widely circulated.

Now when it is remembered how limited, and of what simple description of necessity are the handicraft trades which can be practised by the blind, and how, consequently, the competition is great and the pay small, it will be evident of what importance a

BRAILLE'S ALPHABET, WITH CONTRACTIONS.

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J
1st line.	•	but	Christ	••	every	from	God	have	•	Jesus
2nd line.	•	Lord	••	not	•	••	••	right	•	that
3rd line.	•	U not	V very	W	X	Y	Z	and	for	of the
4th line.	•	ch	gh	sh shall	th this	wh which	ed	er	ou	ow w

The signs of the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th lines are formed from those of the 1st by the addition of lower dots.

The signs of the 5th line are the same as those of the 1st, except that they are written in the middle and lower holes.

5th line.	•	•	con	dis	en	to	()	his	in	was
6th line.	•	st	ing	prefix for numbers	end of line in poetry	apostrophe	hyphen (when used as a prefix com.)			

The signs of the 1st line when preceded by the prefix for numbers stand for the nine numbers and the cipher.

The stereotype plates from which books are printed are produced in precisely the same manner, only that instead of paper thin sheets of tin are used, on which the dots are elevated, and the manufacture of these same plates opens out a new field of remunerative employment for the blind, who at this work can earn from ten shillings to one pound per week, while the want of educational and other books, which has been so long felt, can be soon overcome by merely setting plenty of blind stereotypers to work.

Already the association has thus enormously enlarged the range of literature available for the blind. It has published at a low rate many standard works which have been hitherto literally sealed books to the sightless.

Besides the Scriptures and many hymns, these works include selections from the poems of Macaulay, Gray, Tennyson, Milton, Longfellow, Coleridge, as well as the entire plays of "Macbeth" and "Hamlet," to say nothing of a mass of rudimentary educational matter that was before beyond the reach of the blind. Geography, in the shape of improved elevated maps, etc., cunning devices for teaching arithmetic, and last, not least, every appliance for the application of the Braille system to musical nota-

high-class education is to them. For only in the field of intellectual occupation have they any chance of competing fairly with their seeing brethren. It is on this account that the blind, when properly educated, succeed better as tuners, teachers of music, and organists, than in the mere manual labour of basket and brush-making, etc.

There is no reason why a person without eyes should not be just as good an author, poet, or musician—either as instrumentalist, vocalist, or composer—as if he were endowed with the great gift of sight, be he once properly educated. But there are a hundred reasons why he can never compete with the seeing in mechanical labour, not to mention the superiority of the cultivating and elevating influences of the intellectual means of bread-winning. Such work, therefore, as it has been shown the British and Foreign Blind Association is engaged in, surely deserves large recognition, and though hitherto any deficit in the accounts has been met by the liberality of the honorary secretary, it is evident that if the work for the future is to be permanent, the expenses should be more nearly met by the annual subscriptions to the institution and by the sales of the books.

ARITHMETICAL SQUARES.

THE Arithmetical Problem which we published last year has brought us numerous letters, from which we make a selection.

In the "Leisure Hour," 1878 (p. 591), is given Herr Meyer's arrangement of the numbers 1—64 in a square, having the same total (260) in each of the horizontal and vertical lines and the diagonals. This is compared with two similar squares which do not yield the like product in the diagonals; but as they give the Knight's Tour, which Herr Meyer's does not, they must still be considered as unrivalled. Herr Meyer's performance comes solely within the province of arithmetic, having no reference to the moves of the chess-piece in question.

In this paper I lay before the reader my solution of a regular series of such problems. From what I have observed in working them out, I believe that any sequence commencing with 1 and ending with a square number can be so arranged in the form of a square as to give the like total in each of the horizontal and vertical lines and diagonals.

This total is always the product of the square root of the last number by half the sum of the first and last numbers.

Let x = last number; the first is 1. Then the total of each line in the square is—

$$\sqrt{x} \left(1 + 2 + 3 + \dots + (x-1) + x \right) = \frac{1}{\sqrt{x}} \times \frac{x(x+1)}{2} = \sqrt{x} \times \frac{x+1}{2}$$

Suppose the sequence of numbers to be so arranged is 1—25, then $x = 25$, and the total is—

$$\sqrt{25} \times \frac{25 + 1}{2} = 5 \times 13 = 65$$

The plan on which I usually proceed is to arrange the diagonals first, beginning with the top left-hand corner, where I place 1, and at the other corner of the diagonal I place the last number in the sequence; the intermediate spaces in the diagonal I fill up with the numbers which are in arithmetical progression from the first to the last. 1 being the first term, the difference (d) will be—

$$\frac{x - 1}{\sqrt{x} - 1}$$

which in the case of 1—25 gives $\frac{24}{4} = 6$; and the numbers forming the diagonal will be 1, 7, 13, 19, 25. By this arrangement, where the last number of the sequence is odd, the central number of the sequence will also be the central number of the square (as in figs. 3, 5, 7). To impart an air of finish, the other diagonal should also be composed of numbers in arithmetical progression; in odd sequences it will have the same central number as the first diagonal. This will admit in some cases—probably in all—of the second diagonal being a sequence.

Having formed the diagonals, the next step is to make the verticals right. This presents no difficulty; the puzzling and tedious operation is to get the horizontals equal. One line may be considerably in excess of the requisite total, another much under; and the numbers must be shifted, as required, up and down in their own verticals to adjust the balance. If this cannot be done with the verticals as first arranged, they must be altered prior to trying the horizontals again. The proper

arrangement may not be arrived at until after hours—sometimes days or weeks—of manœuvring, but I am prepared to support the theory that all such sequences admit of the arrangement.

Fig. 1.

2	9	4
7	5	3
6	1	8

Fig. 2.

1	15	14	4
12	6	7	9
8	10	11	5
13	3	2	16

Sequence 1—9.
15 every way.

Sequence 1—16.
34 every way.*

Fig. 3.

1	21	10	22	11
5	7	18	12	23
24	17	13	9	2
20	14	8	19	4
15	6	16	3	25

Sequence 1—25.
65 every way.

Fig. 4.

1	28	35	27	4	16
30	8	6	24	17	26
33	9	15	18	25	11
23	32	19	22	5	10
3	20	34	13	29	12
21	14	2	7	31	36

Sequence 1—36.
111 every way.

Fig. 5.

1	34	45	23	44	18	10
43	9	29	46	21	15	12
42	6	17	24	20	39	27
7	38	36	25	47	19	3
28	16	30	31	23	11	26
14	35	13	22	2	41	48
40	37	5	4	8	32	49

Sequence 1—49.
175 every way.

* This is produced by writing the numbers in their regular order, and then reversing the two diagonals. A square of 256 terms is divided into 16 squares of 16 terms each, then 1 to 16 is arranged into the first square, 17 to 32 into the next, and so on till the 16th is completed; and these squares similarly arranged will complete the large square.

Fig. 6.

1	39	4	56	21	53	52	29
62	10	16	9	51	23	30	59
60	15	19	43	63	31	11	13
2	44	54	28	32	45	6	40
18	61	50	33	37	5	42	14
43	3	34	41	22	46	47	24
38	35	57	20	7	40	55	8
36	53	26	25	27	12	17	64

Sequence 1—64.

260 every way.

Fig. 7.

1	66	78	69	67	3	74	9	2
63	11	64	13	77	76	8	12	45
54	25	21	20	59	55	22	57	56
72	52	53	31	17	32	40	37	35
23	38	29	44	41	43	34	47	65
10	33	39	50	30	51	63	73	15
19	53	60	62	23	4	61	36	46
42	70	7	75	6	26	48	71	24
80	16	18	5	49	79	14	27	81

Sequence 1—81.

369 every way.

Fig. 8.

1	99	98	4	95	2	94	93	9	10
59	11	49	56	37	29	33	83	20	73
74	57	21	22	79	84	85	30	27	26
18	28	89	31	63	66	40	36	64	65
52	62	54	55	41	50	48	46	44	53
86	5	16	88	51	60	47	67	43	42
63	58	7	61	25	35	70	8	96	32
23	72	71	97	37	12	6	90	73	34
38	81	24	77	19	75	69	17	90	15
91	32	76	14	3	92	13	45	39	100

Sequence 1—100.

505 every way.

Of the foregoing squares, figs. 2, 3, 4, 6 are built on the plan described. All except No. 1 (which cannot be so treated) and No. 8 have the same diagonal composed of numbers in arithmetical progression, proceeding from 1 to the last number in the sequence; and in all but No. 1 the first and last numbers of the sequence are also the first and last numbers respectively of the square. In every case all the pairs of numbers equidistant from the centre of the diagonals are equal to the sum of the first and last numbers in the sequence.

In conclusion, I am not aware of the existence of any similar solution of this set of problems; but enough is here shown to prove that all sequences from 1 to a square number can be so arranged. But it is quite another question, and to me a matter of some doubt, whether the sequence 1—64 can be made to give the Knight's Tour in addition to the equal horizontals, verticals, and diagonals.

W. H. W.

Varieties.

POCOHONTAS.—It seems that measures are being taken for the purpose of raising a monument to the memory of this historical and heroic Indian lady. She died at Gravesend, as certified by the following entry in the register:—"1616, May 21, Rebecca Wrolfe, wyffe of Thomas Wrolfe, gent., a Virginia lady borne, was buried in the chancel." Up to the present time there is not even a tablet by the grave. A good deal of the romance of the story evaporates when Mrs. Rolfe is substituted for the Princess Pocohontas! It is like the "Maid of Athens," known in later life as Mrs. Black! However, the story is truly a romantic one, and has been immortalised in prose and verse, on canvas and in marble. When the Prince of Wales was visiting, now many years ago, the studio of a famous American sculptor at Rome, a statue of the Indian damsel was the chief object of interest. "Who was Pocohontas?" asked more than one of those present. The Prince of Wales at once told them, and we have some idea that the early knowledge of the romantic story was derived from the "Leisure Hour," in which the history, with illustrations by Sir John Gilbert, had appeared; and which we know was well read in the Royal household, under the guidance of the noble and good father of the Prince of Wales.

MR. BRASSEY, M.P., ON TRADES UNIONS.—In a recent lecture at Hastings, Mr. Brassey said that trades unions might secure an earlier advance of wages in prosperous times, and delay a reduction in adverse times; but if they tried to exact terms which rendered it impossible that the trade in which they were employed could be carried on at a profit, its speedy cessation was inevitable. The latest reports of the most powerful trade unions clearly show how little could be effected by their instrumentality to arrest the downward movement in wages when trade is depressed. Trade unions, he went on to say, did wrong, not only in objecting to piecework, but in giving no positive and direct encouragement to diligence and superior intelligence amongst their members. He considered that no corporate body, under any plea, was entitled to deprive the individual workman of his freedom.

BAD HANDWRITING.—It is a very grand thing to edit a magazine, but when you have to write a leading article on six out of every seven days in the week, you do not feel very much inclined to pore half the night through over more or less illegible contributions sent to you by unknown ladies and gentlemen. I used to make about fifty deadly enemies *per mensem* in the "Temple Bar" time, owing to my inability to read crabbed manuscripts; and even now, when I have nothing whatever to do with any kind of editing, the unknown ladies and gentlemen persist in sending me bolsters of "copy," accompanied by polite requests that I will read them, and tell the writers what I think of their productions. I candidly own that I do not think anything of them, for I never, by any chance, look at them. If I did I should not be able to pay the butcher, nor could I pass the buttermilk without blushing. If people could only be made to understand that a journalist has to work for his living, and that time to him literally means bread.—*G. A. Sala, in the "Illustrated News."*